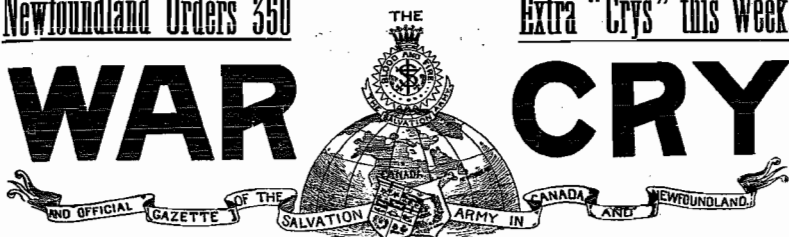


Newfoundland Orders 350

Extra "Crys" this Week.

WAR



CRY

VOL. IX. No. 445. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1893.

[HERBERT H. BOOTH, Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE DEAD PAST



This IS the dwelling place of the dead—the corpses lie thickly around. Take a look at them. They are laid in line for the purpose of identification. There has been a great catastrophe. A fearful cyclone from hell has swept across the country. Thousands of active, go-ahead, zealous saints have been laid low. They carry them and lay them in this Charnel house and there they await claiming from those to whom they belong. They bring them from all parts, from North, South, East and West, from the front ranks of the battle where they fall suddenly, from the back seat of the barracks, where by degrees they dwindle into backsliding. It is awful! Angels weep over the sight; devils laugh. The idle, and indolent, and curious look in and giggle as they ask each other whether after all there is a God. "See how they die," they say.

Let us take a hasty view over this place. Officer, soldier, friend, come with me. Mine is the responsibility of explaining about these dead spirits, yours the solemn duty of recognising them if you know them—recognising yourself if you find yourself among them.

(Continued on Page 6.)

forty-four public meetings and private coun-
cils. Many souls knelt at the Cross, and I
returned to Divisional Headquarters feeling
more than ever the force of the fact that the
Army will win greater victories in Newfound-
land.

Other Interesting matters.

Salvation Songs.

His Grace is Sufficient.

BY "PICKER."

TUNE—*Hiding in Thee.* (B.J. No. 9.)

1 Soldiers of the Lord, wherever you may be,
The strength of Jehovah to you it is free,
So never complain of the cross you must bear,
But shoulder it gladly, the glory you'll share.

CHORUS.

Hiding in Thee.

Dark clouds oft appear, wild tempests
Some times rise,
But the conquering Saviour looks down
From the skies;

My grace is sufficient, the battle is Mine,
Be valiant, courageous, for victory is thine.

Disciples and martyrs in days that are past
Great things for the Saviour endured till the last;
Then, soldiers, go forward and fight for your King,
And then in eternity together we'll sing.

Shed His Blood.

BY REV. L. BARNET.

TUNE—*Rowed from my slumber.* (B.J. No. 33.)

2 I was a sinner wandering from God,
Down on the broad road of folly,
Cared not that Jesus had shed His blood
To make me pure and holy;
My soul was bound by the fetters of sin,
I had no joy, no peace within,
Carelessly drifting far from my God,
Who shed His blood most precious.

CHORUS.

I am a soldier.

At last I sought the mercy seat,
There I did pray for pardon,
Asked God to do a work complete,
Then evermore I'd serve Him;
Now, praise His name, He's set me free
From all my sins and misery,
Now a true soldier I mean to be,
And fight for God till death.

Praise God, His will is my great delight
Since I have sought for cleansing,
Now I'm engaged in this glorious fight,
To break the power of Satan,
In this I live so mighty and free,
I will go on to victory,
Then, by-and-bye, His face I shall see,
When I get home to heaven.

Wondrous Love.

BY MRS. C. MCCLINTON.

TUNE—*The Gypsy's Warning.*

3 'Twas for me, a wretched sinner,
Jesus' precious blood did flow,
So that I might feel His mercy,
All His love and kindness know.
So when death's dark day was dawning,
Through the gloom the sun did shine;
When in thoughts of home in glory,
Jesus, heaven, truly mine.

When I think of all He suffered,
How my soul with blood is bought;
And I see the change within me,
Nothing but His blood has wrought.
I am filled with joy and gladness,
Jesus' name to me is sweet;
That I long to kneel before Him,
There to worship at His feet.

Experience.

BY WM. C. AMHERST.

TUNE—*So early in the morning.*

4 I years ago, in sin did roam,
I knew not God, and had no home,
I had no Pilot guide me through,
And show me what I ought to do.

CHORUS.

But Jesus came and saved me,
Cleansed me and forgave me,
Jesus came and saved me,
At I live His day.

But in my mad and wild career
God, in His love, spoke in my ear,
Which checked me in my sinful state
And helped me see my awful fate.
Then up before my gaze appeared
A light which caused me to be near;
The blessed victim of the cross,
Who died that I might not be lost.
It was too great for me to lose—
The thought that I had nailed him
There;
Then to His feet I went my way,
And now my soul is saved to-day.

EYES FRONT!

Commandant

*** AND ***

Mrs. Booth

— WILL MAKE A —

FLYING VISIT

— TO THE —

West Ontario and East Ontario PROVINCES

ON THE FOLLOWING DATES.—

(Accompanied by BRIGADIER HOLLAND)

CHATHAM Saturday and Sunday May 6, 7.

WINDSOR (Commandant only) Monday May 8.

(Accompanied by BRIGADIER SCOTT)

BELLEVILLE Friday May 12.

KINGSTON Saturday, Sunday and Monday May 13, 14, 15.

COBBOURG Tuesday May 16.

MONTREAL (Commandant and Colonel Mackenzie) Friday May 26.

OPENING OF "THE LIGHTHOUSE."

Salute!

Western Province.

THE COMMANDANT,

— ACCOMPANIED BY —

Brigadier Margetts and Ensign Smeeton,
WILL INSPECT THE SALVATION FORCES

— OF THE —

North - West and British Columbia.

WINNIPEG	Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday,	June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
RAPID CITY	Tuesday	June 6
NEPAWA	Wednesday	June 7
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE	Thursday	June 8
CARBERRY	Friday	June 9
BRANDON	Saturday and Sunday	June 10, 11
REGINA	Tuesday	June 13
CALGARY	Wednesday and Thursday	June 14, 15
VANCOUVER	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	June 17, 18, 19
NEW WESTMINSTER	Tuesday and Wednesday	June 20, 21
NANAIMO	Thursday and Friday	June 22, 23
VICTORIA	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	June 24, 25, 26

Give me Grace.

BY F. L. FREEMAN, PARISH.

TUNE—*Pass me not.*

5 Give me grace, O loving Saviour,
I am weary, and
Breathe into my soul a blessing,
Make my spirit glad.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Saviour, hear my earnest plea,
While confessing, I am trusting,
Give Thy grace to me.

Let me feel Thy sweet approval,
How Thy glad "Well done;"
Chase away all gloomy shadows
By my light and sun.

Bending low before Thy footstool,
Fill my heart with love,
Well I know that peace eternal
Cometh from above.

Longs my spirit for communion
With the pure and blest,
Then, the source of every blessing,
Give me life and rest.

Beat the Army Drum.

BY MRS. D. CORNELL, OMBEEZ.

TUNE—*The quail train.*

6 Now listen, friends, one moment,
A story I will tell
How God Almighty saved a soul
From going down to hell.
The billiard room was his delight,
And drinking beer, too,
In the tavern he would be all night
With others, not a few.

CHORUS.

Oh, beat the Army drum,

Oh, beat the Army drum,

Oh, beat the Army drum,

And bring the sinners in.

While going in for beer again,
He heard the Army drum,
And leaving all behind he came
To make of them some fun.

And oh, he wished the snow was soft,
He would drive them all away;
There he defied, and unrepentant,
As the Army they did stay.

He followed them into the hall,
He heard them speak and pray,
His heart got soft, he heard the call,
"Give God your heart to-day."

He walked out to the mercy seat,
And his sins were swept away;
The grace of God he finds no sweet,
He is happy and free to-day.

Critic and Salvationist.

BY W. J. HART'S BARBER, N.F.

TUNE—*When the fight's hard.*

7 Critic—You say you're a soldier,
And fighting for God!

Salvationist—Yes, sir, I'm a soldier, I'm
washed in the blood.

C.—But where is your armor, the weapons
you bear?

S.—We got them from heaven, they're
sharpened by prayer.

CHORUS.

When the fight's hard.

C.—But who does oppose you, for whom do
you fight?

S.—All hell is opposing, we fight for the
right!

C.—But who is their leader, their "com-
mander-in-chief?"

S.—His name is "Beelzebub," or "devil"
in brief.

C.—Do you have many battles, and take
many men?

S.—From the enemy's ranks? Yes, we're
fighting to win.

C.—And these soldiers around here, were
they in sin's ranks?

S.—Yes, but they're saved now, and joined
with the saints.

C.—Saints, sir, but they tell me that none
can be good?

S.—True, outside of Jesus, not washed in
this war!

C.—But the devil don't like it, you mean
such a guy?

S.—Thank God then, I'll wear it, and fight
till I die!